

Who You Are

Pearl Jam

Come to send, not condescend
Transcendental consequence
Is to transcend where we are
Who are we, who we are
Trampled moss on your soul
Changes all, you're apart
Seen it all, not at all
Can't defend, fucked up, man Take me for a ride before we leave
Circumstance, clapping hands
Driving winds, happenstance
Off the track, in the mud
That's the moss in the aforementioned verse
Just a little time, before we leave
Stoplight plays its part
So I would say you've got a part
What's your part? Who you are
You are who, who you are

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